

# CANIBUS

2000 B.C.

[BEFORE CAN-I-BUS]



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

# Canibus Lyrics

## "The C-Quel"

*[Overlapped lines from songs in the past]*

*[OVERLAP 1]*

"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh  
I'll battle you over the phone you can call me collect"

"Verbally viscious, telekenetically gifted,  
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it"

"Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you  
How many niggaz in my career I've ran through"

"At 1000 degrees celsius I make Emcees melt,  
Fuck my record label I appear courtesy of myself"

"Canibus is the type to fight for mics,  
beatin' niggaz to death and beatin' dead niggaz to life"

"While you niggaz is babblin' my lyrics is travelin'  
like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen"

"The intellectual athlete accurately rappin' so rapidly,  
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically"

"I walk the B-Lock withe the G-Lock, C-ocked,  
trynna' get the DR-op on the C-ops"

"The Canibus is a animal with a mechanical mandible  
comin' to damage you spittin' understandable slang at you"

"Rhymes richocet off the inner walls of my lungs  
and go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns"

"Whenever the head is severed from the human body  
with a sharp enough weapon the brain remains conscious for 10 seconds"

"What's the matter with ya'll, I'll spatter ya'll,  
against the muthafuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapult"

"I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme,  
Till the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9!!!"

*[Verse 1]*

Yea, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel, Yo!  
I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores  
To every single pore in my skull  
Hard from my mouth to my jaws  
>From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored

And from my balls in my draws to the floor  
I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War  
So I can start World War 4 and murder us all  
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor  
Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes  
I don't give a fuck who won an award  
On stage tryna' thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword  
Let they blood pour all on the floor  
If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord  
I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board  
Like frozen meat tryna' thaw then bury you under the morge  
Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car  
Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn  
By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond  
By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone  
I'll send ya' to hell where you belong  
So by the time ya' body hits the floor  
Ya' spirit won't be in it no more  
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more  
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws  
I got millions of styles and I mastered'em all  
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bullcharge and crash in the wall

*[OVERLAP 2]*

"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed  
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"

"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,  
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"

"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check  
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"

"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese  
in fatigues covered with leaves"

"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"  
conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus""

"Turn ya' head round gimmie the cheddar,  
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"

"Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me,  
an emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"

*[Verse 2]*

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on  
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long  
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out  
Wack niggas bout to get aired out  
Faggit niggas get they ass teared out  
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out  
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout

Then bust a shot in the muthafuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out  
A hundred thousand mile warranty  
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally  
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority  
Smacked him in the head for trynna' roar at me  
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty  
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me  
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me  
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery  
Way back before gold-plated male and female  
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback  
I was trynna' blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?  
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back  
"Yea nigga" [smack] "What? Yeah nigga take that"  
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped  
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass  
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast  
It's not fun so I don't laugh  
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one  
You know how you be feelin' sad  
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand  
Canibus is unequivocally the illest killin' machine in the industry  
For the 20th century  
Trapped in a max security building  
Sufferin' from a severe illness called brilliance [echoes]

# Canibus Lyrics

## "2000 B.C. (Before Canibus)"

*[Canibus]*

Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad  
Knock a nigga unconcious and talk shit  
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object  
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'  
So in the ring, you cannot win  
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in  
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin  
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin  
The beautiful blend of power and strength  
From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end  
I verbally burn a nigga,  
Lyrically hurt a nigga,  
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga,  
Kennedy curse a nigga,  
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?  
Who can embarrass a man?  
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands  
On candid cam, the Canibus can  
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man

*[Chorus]*

It's been a long time,  
I shouldn't have left you,  
Without a strong rhyme to step to  
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)  
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!  
It's been a long time,  
I shouldn't have left you,  
Without a strong rhyme to step to  
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)  
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!

*[Canibus]*

Yo! I spit for it (lie for it!)  
Live for it (die for it!)  
Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it  
If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it  
I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it  
you mad at the last album, I apologise for it,  
Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it,  
But this time for 99 I got 5 on it  
You should double up and put a dime on it,  
Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it  
I'ma shine on it,  
Watch Flex drop a bomb on it  
About ten times on it

Watch people call a request line for it  
Cypher sounds keep pushin rewind on it  
Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it  
12 O'Clock in the morning you'll be standin on line for it  
I'm a live poet, with a sharp ear and eye for it  
Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on it

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics  
Of a hollow tip at point blank distance  
I flip shit when I spit shit  
Father forgive Bis,  
I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians  
Coz they sounded like idiots  
They went from silver to gold to platinum  
After the millenium they'll probably be wearin' Iridium  
They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd probably cum helium  
Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice  
Before Christ, before the words let there be light  
And a light took over the night  
I was born with a mic  
Lord of the mic before all plant and animal life  
Took this rap shit to new heights  
Before the Wright brothers took flight  
Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes  
Before MC's picked up pens and started to write  
Before promotional marketin' and ?posterlights?  
The Can-I-Bus'll bust up mics  
Punch out lights  
Punch out your motherfuckin eyesight  
For the title bought fight  
Ask Top Phife, I snatch the track for half price  
The Canibus is too nice  
Gimme that mic!

*[Chorus]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Life Liquid"

(feat. Journalist)

(blood spillin in the street)  
(the what?)  
(blood spillin in the street)  
(the what?)

*[Journalist]*

Yo, Wit two precise niggas  
Holdin the right biscuits  
There'll be alot cats leakin out their life liquid  
Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures  
When we throw two in your ass while you huggin on your mistress  
From Philly, wit cats quick to mute you at  
Cuckoo cats, twist back your Fubu cap  
Crucial, black  
Two chicks to screw you at  
Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at  
While you checkin on your pagers  
Weapons in your faces  
Shot blazin  
Cops section off the pavement  
Hoppin out with gauges  
Prepare for the occasion  
We throw about eight in  
The house that you was raised in  
Mouthin off, fakin will make you a ?mouth? patient  
Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin  
And while your brain's achin'  
Imma have your dame slavin'  
Cocaine and apron  
Over a flame bakin'

*[Hook]*

*[Journalist]* Niggas take it for granted -  
until they layin dead on the granite  
*[Canibus]* Innocent bystanders gett shot by standard  
*[Journalist]* y'all better duck when you hear the cannon  
*[Both]* Or y'all be checkin for leaks -  
Niggas'll have your blood spillin in the street

*[Journalist]* Niggas take it for granted -  
until they layin dead on the granite  
*[Canibus]* Innocent bystanders gettin shot by standard  
*[Journalist]* y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon -  
Now you layin deceased  
*[Both]* Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the street

*[Canibus]*

Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya  
Cause this is the season of the infrared laser  
And since I got time, What I'm gonna do  
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too  
Cause I don't give a fuck  
I just cock back and bust  
With more arms than an octopus  
As if one gun wasn't enough  
I fuck around and pull eight out  
Blast your face off or blow your brains out  
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out  
Then I pull the gat in my waist out  
Put it in your mouth  
And keep squeezin till the whole clip is sparyed out  
Take the gun in my ankle brace out  
Shoot you in the stomach till I see the last meal you ate drain out  
Your face look spaced out  
I gut you like a trout  
And scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out  
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of windex  
Bullets buzzin by your head like insects  
From your head to your mid-sec'  
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet  
Your masculinity is questionable  
You probably a homosexual  
Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you  
You probably look at grapes and see testicles  
You probably fantasize about vegetables  
like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you  
And you probably let gerbles crawl up your rectum too  
Shame on you  
I defecate on you and simultaneously (urinate) on you  
Pour some acid rain on you  
I stop your heartbeat with heat  
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

*[Hook]*

*[Both]*

Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?  
Old school burners with  
-Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit  
What you holdin Canibus?  
30 bullet banana clips  
Just to handle a kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit  
We got permits to murder shit  
We critically injure niggas who deserve the shit  
Put em in a tournaquet  
Bomb proof Suburbans with [?]/track to tread size?  
so we can ride through the dirt with it  
Drive over curbs with it  
[?] in it, even over slippery surfaces



We can swerve in it  
And crash into niggas who don't insert their shit  
Try stoppin it dudes  
You gotta be bruised, cockin the tools  
And knock you out your socks and your shoes  
We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin  
Look how much life liquid you losin  
You need a blood transfusion  
In the back of a medic truck  
Shots in your neck and gut  
While we holdin our weapons up  
I'm still reppin' Philly - what?

blood spillin in the street  
the what?  
blood spillin in the street  
the what?

*[Hook]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Shock Therapy (Interlude)"

Yeah, nigga, get the fuck..  
Ow, what, man?!  
The fuck! [*\*activates taser\**]  
What the hell is that, man?  
What's up with them beats? Don't worry what that is!  
W-what beats?  
The beats, nigga!  
I told you those are originals, I produced  
I ask you what's the samples on the motherfucking beats!  
There's no samples  
There's no samples? You gon' look me in my MOTHERFUCKING face and tell me ain't no FU- [*\*electrocution\**]  
AAAAAAH!  
Motherfucker! Oh, shit! YEEAAH!  
I'm telling you man, these are originals!  
YEAH! What's on the beats, nigga?  
There's nothing, there's no samples on them, man  
Oooh, you just gon' play a nigga like~ [*\*electrocution\**] AAAAAAH! MOTHERFUCKER! What's on the beats?  
Alright, man!  
YEAH! There's a little place, I added little things:  
"I dream of Jeannie"-  
I dream of WHAT?! [*\*electrocution\**]  
AAAAAAH! Motherfucker! YEAH!  
Bass' Q\*BERT  
Eh, uh, what??  
I needed the sounds~  
THE GAME??  
DUUUU-WUUUUH, DUUU-WUUUU~  
DUU-MOTHERFUCKER! [*\*electrocution\**] AAAAAAH!  
DUU that!  
I did~  
YEAH! YEEAAH!  
And the, and the, and the sound from the train  
TOOOOO-TOOOOT! TOOOOO-TOOOOOT!  
For what?!  
Toooo~huh?  
What's that for?  
The bass!  
Motherfucker! [*\*electrocution\**]  
AAAAAAH! The-the bass!  
GODDAMN LIAR!  
The bass wouldn't work without TOOOO-TOOOOOT!  
Get the~ [*\*electrocution\**]  
AAAAAAH!  
Mother~ DOO! Motherfuck~ YEAH! YEEAAH!



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Watch Who You Beef Wid"

Watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid  
Watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid

### [CHORUS]

Yo, you better watch who you beef wid  
You might be walking down the street, then  
Suddenly you hear tires screechin  
Niggaz'll be hoppin out with heat and  
Throw you in the car seat and leave your lady standing there screamin  
The whole weekend, you get blindfolded and beaten  
Nosebleedin, gaspin for air, wheezin  
You got kidnapped and you don't even know the reason  
We even called your fam for ransom, they said, 'Keep him'

Watch who you beef wid  
Yea, it ain't no secret  
Talkin that street shit'll get you in some deep shit  
See, niggaz know who you beef wid,  
Where you be at, when you be gone, when you be back  
All of my niggaz got doctor degrees in thuggonometry  
We all know how to hold the heat properly  
And how to conduct an armed robbery for personal property  
And can go without food or water for 24 hours at least  
We fugitives, who ain't doin a bid, and shoot to live  
Even if it means leavin you for dead  
Cause niggaz like you get scared, look for loopholes  
Pick the phone up and dial 9-uno-uno  
What happened to them truant niggaz that you talk about  
The crew of niggaz that you never walk without  
I know what happened  
You heard about the double-action  
Portable gatling and y'all don't wanna get blasted

### [CHORUS]

Ay yo we run up in radio stations on some unannounced shit  
Catch the DJ off guard and roundhouse him  
Duct tape his mouth then, put a pound to his gut  
And force him to play 5 cuts off the up and coming album  
Just the way I planned it, niggaz'll start to panic  
Brains get hijacked like planes'll crashlandin  
Bitch niggaz pray to the lord  
The black box who was supposed to record  
The pilot's voice got destroyed

So watch who you beef wid  
And watch who you suck your teeth at  
It'll probably be something you regret  
Get wet with horizontal rain droplets  
Miniature rockets, comin out barrels of metal objects  
niggaz get shot in the face  
On the ground shakin like tectonic plates that cause earthquakes  
Now you got your grill in the ground, how that dirt taste?  
You shouldn't have started this shit in the first place

*[CHORUS]*

Cause niggaz is comin to get you, ready to rip you  
With intercontinental ballistic missiles and pistols  
Put a red dot on your head like you Hindu  
Then put a hole in you big enough to put my open fist through  
We could verbally diss you or we could get physical  
Whatever niggaz wanna do, we could do it too  
Cause you a sinner, I'm a sinner, we all sinners  
We rob niggaz for their presents at their bar mitzvahs  
We rob niggaz for their body organs  
Sold em to the highest bidders  
Things like hearts and livers  
One and a half million in cash when it's delivered  
They go to Yom Kippur and beg for God to forgive us  
So you the type that, find violence real frightening  
Or hold your crucifix tighter when shells is firing  
Sittin by your bed perspirin, tryin to crawl underneath it  
You need to watch who you beef wid

*[CHORUS]*

Keep that low-down, stinkin motherfucker  
Uh, you need to watch who you beef wid  
You need to watch who you beef wid  
Yea nigga, watch who you beef wid  
Uh, watch who you beef wi

# Canibus Lyrics

## "I'll Buss 'Em You Punish 'Em"

(feat. Rakim)

*[Canibus]* Yeah, I bust 'em... you punish 'em

*[Canibus]* Yeah...let me bust 'em

*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em

*[Canibus]* Ra, let me bust 'em

*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em

*[Canibus]* Naw, let me bust 'em

*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em

*[Canibus]* Come on Ra, let me bust 'em

*[Rakim]* Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo...

Out on the battling tip my verbal lateral grip  
Keeps my tongue glued to the A-Dat when I'm trackin' 'em swift  
Let my spit lubricate the chap on my lips  
And make you rappers have fits 'cause I'm back in the mix  
Forget a pad and a pen, I write rhymes on an IBM  
Ebonics is dead, the binary language is in  
Canibus practices in a room wit a thousand candles lit  
Meditating on this rapping shit  
Because my freestyle reigns sovereign  
Wit a deeper conscious than the prophet Muhammad was born wit  
My brain cavity is enormous  
My left hemisphere alone harnesses all of the 7 sharveous  
While the right one harnesses darkness  
The type of dark that makes a house haunted  
The type of dark that people get lost in  
The type of dark you fear when you're dead in your coffin  
I hear you talkin' but I ignore it  
Cause you garbage and your rhymes borin'  
So keep standin' on the corner,  
the thrash-man will collect you in the mornin'  
Thug cats frontin'  
Wacker than Blinky Blink  
on the back of the wack-ass wagon babblin' about - nothin'  
Now that real hood rats could get it on, black  
Meet me at The Tunnel where pussy cats get robbed at  
Rubber faced rappers get stretched like elastic claymation  
characters with verbal vernaculars  
Slappin' ya like a white water raft  
or an Olympic kayak paddlin' across the - Niagara  
Fake MCs haul ass like they runnin' track  
Where ever Canibus or Rakim is at

*[Canibus]* Let me bust 'em

*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em

*[Canibus]* Naw, let me bust 'em  
*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
*[Canibus]* Ra, let me bust 'em  
*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
*[Canibus]* Naw, let me bust 'em  
*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
*[Canibus]* Naw, let me bust 'em  
*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
*[Canibus]* Ra, let me bust 'em  
*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
*[Canibus]* Naw, let me bust 'em  
*[Rakim]* Naw, I'ma punish 'em  
*[Canibus]* Come on Ra, let me bust 'em  
*[Rakim]* Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

*[Rakim]*

Be ready and at ya best  
The celebrity match of death  
Heart snatched through your chest, cardiac arrest  
Crack your neck while I break your arms, catch your breath  
Then I asked the ref, "how many cats is left?"  
One on one, who challenging? Come get did  
All I have is a pen and punish you kids  
Abdomen punctured and look what I did to his wig  
Wanna live then I stab 'em in the lung with his rib  
Every word I say detach a vertebrae from your spine  
Rematch wherever we meet at, any place anytime  
Get your snot-box smashed with a 9  
Smacked with a rhyme, push your forehead to the back of your mind  
Try to explain what it's like seeing your brain  
Your insane, soon to be ID'ed as remains  
Then I reincarnate 'em and kill 'em again  
Again and again, again and again

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus:]*

Yo, yo...

The battle started with a grapple  
He had real long hair so I grabbed a hand full  
And chopped 'em in the Adams-apple  
His partner in back of you tried to attack you  
So I'ma twist 'em up like a pretzel then I'ma tag you

*[Rakim:]*

I'm on some stone cold shit  
Warn your whole click  
Cartilage get blown until the whole bone split  
Who wanna spit, bang quick, strangle 'em wit his lip He tried to flip  
but I left his body danglin'

*[Canibus:]*

You left 'em danglin'  
I can't believe he wanna grapple again

I swung 'em around like I was dancing wit 'em  
Put his arms in back of his head and snapped 'em again  
Then I grabbed his limbs and put in the figure-"6 subtracted from 10"

*[Rakim:]*

Seven birds, make 'em swerve 'til their vision is blurred  
Turn cats that suped from superb to nerds  
Just say the word, I'll leave your DNA on the curb  
And stick my dick in your ear and fuck what you heard



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mic-Nificent"

*[Canibus]*

Yo, sittin on chrome, sittin on low pro 20 inch firestones  
Grippin the road with the wickedest flow, 'Bis is a pro  
I zigzag throughout sly loam  
Accelerate and decelerate in and out the cones  
Poisonous poems travel through walkman headphones  
Into your dome Osteoperosis your bones,  
Who's the nicest nigga you know in the year two triple-oh  
Spit turn to icicles in the mid air and slit your throat  
Drain your carcass dry rip out your heart bitch  
I write rhymes using your blood for my ink cartridges  
Paleoanthropologists, polish the bones  
of rapper artist after I dip in my hydrochloric waters  
Canibus, with the seams burstin, perfect  
Everyday the earth spins I write verses  
My soul purpose as a verbalist, is to make my words twist  
and connect like letters when they're in cursive

*[Chorus: x4]*

I'll pray on them, spray on them  
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

*[Canibus]*

Yo, Yo, I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert  
In twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen  
With thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest 'em  
And fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines  
So ask yourself a question - can the Canibus rhyme?  
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?  
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?  
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind  
My rhymes, confuse niggas like somebody try to gang-bang  
wearin a blue shirt and red pants,  
throwin up signs with their left hand  
Standin out on the corner of wetlands  
with a confederate flag for a headband  
God dam eggplants, niggas gettin me vexed man  
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav  
and I can't seem to get away from it  
I dreamed that I stabbed Leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it  
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that  
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin  
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried  
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine  
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying  
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line  
Why the art of emceein is steady dyin

That nigga Canibus is still in his prime, bust a rhyme

*[Chorus: x4]*

I'll pray on them, spray on them  
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

*[Canibus]*

Club Dodge, I wrecked that  
Limelight, cursed that  
Envy, I murdered that  
Club SoHo, never heard of that  
Wetlands, dried it up  
Cheaters, decided to club, fired up  
looking for a chicken to tie up  
Club New York, I heard it's hot there  
beats be rocking there  
Too many niggaz be getting stabbed and shot there  
Speed, I slowed it down  
The Tunnel, they hold it down  
Home of the underground, why they always close it down  
Century club, the hot shit  
House of Blues, I rocked it  
One twelve ATL, that's the Dirty South bomb shit  
Synagogue, yeah I be there  
Caribbean City, roll deep there  
Lyricist Lounge, they be some real emcees there  
there there *[fades out]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Die Slow"

(feat. Journalist)

*[Canibus]*

Yo (Die Slow)

Yea (Die Slow)

Ya niggas better..(Die Slow)

Uh (Die Slow)

All you can do is (Die Slow) nigga (Die Slow)

(Die Slow) *[x4]*

All you can do is die (Slow)

Yea

(Die Slow) *[x2]*

Fuck ya'll

(Die Slow) *[x2]*

Die Slow nigga

(Die Slow)

*[Canibus]*

Yo

You against me.. No contest

My tongue hydraulics

Strong enough to flip a 64 impala with 3 adult passengers

and a 4 hundred pound driver

And drown you in less than an ounce of your own saliva

Rubberface rappers get, stretched like elastic

Claymation characters wit verbal vernacular

Slappin' ya, like a white water rafter

Or a Olympic kayaker, paddlin' across the Niagara

My afterburners'll be burnin' you after

Ya' body already been splashed with acid

And you turn to ashes

Assassins camouflaged in the grass blastin'

Leavin' blood all over ya' lady like Jackie O'Nassis

I'll fly ya' body outta Dallas

Perform plastic surgery while we airborne and switch caskets

Then lie to the masses

I'll tell'em that you got murdered over some East West beef, between rappers

Radio stations'll express they sadness

Play classics back to back and pass out "Stop The Violence" pamphlets

Just imagine, every night ya' girls fuckin' ya' best friend

While you in hell throwin' tantrums

I'll be lampin' in a mansion somewhere out in the Hamptons

Givin' some pretty ass bitch a spankin'

Nigga you can't win

I'm laughin' cause you a has been

You'll never get ya' groove back

So don't even bother askin', Angela Bassett

You'll just get ya' ass kicked

Get ya' head chopped off and dropped in a basket  
My left arms taken but my right ones free  
That means I could diss another muthafuckin' emcee  
Wit rhymes that appear clearer than liquid crystal  
My lyrical is more visual than television screen pixels  
I fire pistols, hit you wit' minature missles  
Riddle ya' body wit' holes then watch the blood sprinkle  
Ya probably had no idea what you was gettin' into  
On the mic, Can-I-Bus is invincible  
Fuck you

*[CONVO 1]*

*["Die Slow" through out the convo]*

Hey Yo that nigga got an attitude  
Yeah he be actin rude  
And he's always trynna' battle you  
That last album was terrible  
When he's on the radio he never got a clean mouth  
Yeah everytime he freestyles, his words be gettin' bleeped out  
You got the album?  
Naw I heard it was weak  
You got the album?  
I said it was weak  
But the shit don't come out till next week  
Hey Yo I like the nigga's beats  
Yo that shit be comin' bugged out  
Hey Yo that nigga Bis dumbs out  
He waited too long to come out.....

*[Journalist]*

To you bitch niggas who talk alot  
But walk the block, in halter tops  
Left side of ya chest, mark the spot  
That's where a nigga put it, when i'm hooded  
Then fill you up wit big bullets  
Prepare you for some channel 6 footage  
Know what is, Me and Bis, runnin' through ya courtyard  
Creepin' wit a four-five and reachin for ya door knob  
Throw a gun under ya chin, see how quick your whore rise  
One shot could have a short slide, right out the North side  
Your whole flow is porkrine  
Spit the small oints  
I'm nasty, but my small joints grip the bar point  
Drop on top of the blue line..right beside the red one  
Keep the flow fairsome, 'till the day my career done  
Bring it to ya ass if you the challengin type  
Especially those, surroundin' the mic  
Sound of the light  
To the Journ, ya'll ain't no suitable spitters  
True to you niggas  
Lay you out on MD's, recoupin' ya liver  
Shoutin' my name,  
Ya best to control the noise soldier boy

Or homicide will be all over you poys with Polaroids

*[CONVO 2]*

*["Die Slow" through out the convo]*

Yea, yo that nigga Journalist gets busy yo

I heard he's from Philly yo

I seen him in Bis video

He's so skinny tho'

Now he's rollin' wit Canibus?

I don't even understand his shit

That nigga sounds like an amaetur

Yo i heard Jay manage him

Yo he got some heavy gold shit

Man, that's some old shit

Yea yo the niggas that he roll wit'

probably let 'em hold it

He got alotta Benji's

No he don't

Everytime, when i see him in the back of The Source

He looks *[?]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Doomsday News"

Yo, yo..  
If I had half as many bars in gold  
as I had in lyrics when I flowed  
I'd be the richest man on the globe  
Niggaz wanna know is Canibus gold?  
That's a stupid-ass question motherfucker, is Canada cold?  
Bout a thousand degrees lower than liquid nitro is  
Five thousand degrees hotter than flame throwers  
I reflect light, bounce off walls and wreck mics  
Disconnect your windpipe by cuttin your neck with a knife  
Rip through, everything from tissues to blood vessels  
My ninjitsu, kill you with the art of Tenchu  
I zig zag, zig crushin a kid  
With G-forces violent enough to crush your ribs  
like pilots that fly Russian MIG  
Comin to punish you pigs  
Give a fuck who you is; nigga, Canibus in ya biz  
From the lowest point in the planet to Mt. Everest  
I kick the illest shit, spray-paintin my name across the pyramids  
The rap terrorist, Professor Emeritus  
Fuck forbidden fruit I was eating pussy in Genesis

### *[Chorus:]*

What you got niggaz that's ready to brawl?  
I'll give you the phone card and the celly to make a call  
What the fuck y'all bitch niggaz actin like y'all tuff for?  
We'll stuff y'all, uppercut y'all, confront y'all  
On stage we break arms, legs, backs and jaws  
Enough damage to cancel your tour (Fuck y'all!)

### *[Canibus]*

Now I said it once and I'll say it a thousand times  
I got thousands of rhymes, the rechargeable alkaline kind  
You wanna a piece of mind? Fine, we can take it outside  
Otherwise you're wastin your time, cause I'ma shine  
for the one-triple-9, niggaz gamblin damage they eyes  
Goin blind, tryin to keep up with these lyrical lines  
The type of nigga you can't flow behind without a dope rhyme  
You fuck around and get clotheslined til you nosedive  
We can rhyme fair and square or fair in the sphere  
Anyplace, anywhere, you niggaz don't have a prayer  
Cause doomsday is near, faggot niggaz is scared  
They stand and stare as I appear upon a cushion of air  
With a long white beard flamin, hot enough to sunburn Satan  
Hotter than white people takin vacation  
out in Jamaica out in the sun bathin;

sun bakin in gamma ray radiation  
til they skin color look cajun  
Motherfuckers start agin to the point  
where they faces shrivel up like raisins  
and they become cancer patients

*[Chorus]*

*[Canibus]*

Yo, yo, yo.. I manipulate the metaphysical  
power to hold my breath for half an hour  
Continuously breathin outward; you ain't an MC you a coward  
I make wack rappers lose control of they bladders  
and piss in they trousers  
Pink pussy possum niggaz play dead  
While my heat waves hit, and verbal x-rays evaporate shit  
Water molecules get transformed to vapors  
My lyrics turn the Pacific into a dry lakebed  
Electromagnetic cassettes melt tape decks  
Niggaz battle in space; tryin to hold it down  
but they can't cause they weightless  
Amateur swordsmen gets stabbed through they face mask  
trying to escape death  
A world where the whole globe will contract Ebola  
from drinkin spring water darker than Coca-Cola  
Human with AIDS, computers with Y2K  
I rock rhymes counter-clockwise until doomsday

Fuck y'all, fuck y'all, fuck y'all

# Canibus Lyrics

"Lost @ "C""

*[Verse 1]*

Yo, yo, yo, now when you see that big ass C, you know I'm comin through  
And when you know I'm comin through, you know what I'ma do  
I never sent to battlin me, would be impossible  
I just think it's highly motherfucking improbable  
You talkin to a nigga, niggas split molecules  
To subatomic particles, strong enough to stop a bull  
Bodies slam, to oxygen, drop a mule  
Urinating rocket fuel, freestylin over gospel tunes  
Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours  
I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album  
Kickboxer, beatin the shit out niggas proper  
I beat 'em till they holler, beat 'em til the cops come  
Beatin niggas til they have seizures, beat 'em til they start screamin  
Like fax machines when they start receivin  
Beat 'em til my own hands start bleedin  
Beat 'em til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beatin  
From 12 am to 12 pm in the evening  
With three 15 minute breaks in between 'em  
Good Jesus, that's a really stingy beatin  
That's what you get for fuckin with this lyrical demon  
Bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons  
I got cast out of heaven for treason  
Got cast out of the Garden of Eden for lettin the reptillian beast in  
Got locked up for a DUI and speedin  
A whole legion of half decent emcees get released when  
They spit a hundred bars for they freedom  
See I'm much too nice to compete wit  
Too nice to flow over beats wit, too nice to hold a M I C wit  
Off some diesel Hercules shit, I cold flip  
And start to punch trees til they leafless  
Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath  
Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it (release it)

*[HOOK x2:]*

Yo, you ain't as cold as us  
Or as bold as us  
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us  
(When we in the warzone, we got the chrome wit us)  
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush  
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust (ashes to ashes and dust to dust)

*[Verse 2]*

Yo, yo, now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet  
Cuz I ain't heard shit worth buyin  
I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven  
The drive comes from my lyrics and my lyrics come from my inner spirit



Five bringin the, faster than 12 cylinder engines with nitrogen in 'em  
Faster than F-1 with light pistons  
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm  
Cuz you niggas is slower than fat bitches with tabalism  
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spittin  
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism  
Show me a man that can't feel him  
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck  
And put his head to the fan on the ceiling  
Suffer real bad from television shit  
Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him  
I hop in front of the cameras and tell 'em how I'm feelin  
I tell 'em how I feel that hip hop, should deal wit it  
Tell 'em how I'm tired of the state rappers in  
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers give is subject matter less  
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters  
Shootin the same videos, it's embarassing  
You's in the same formal as the [?]havel head?  
You's are the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative  
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatchin your mic  
I make you run for your life, children in the daylight  
That track you at night, my global position is satellite  
Got a infrared blaster to test your body's fahrenheit  
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow  
I track you til you're seizure grows into a afro  
Until you plaid 'em into cornrows  
Track you til your shoe soles develop holes  
And you get, corns on your toes  
Til your teeth develop hollow coses  
But you been goin so long without deodorant you don't even notice it  
Motherfucker

*[HOOK x4]*

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Phuk U"

Phuk..U [x4]

Ok

Phuk..U [x4]

### [Verse 1]

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow wit Bis

Rock a show wit bis

Or go toe to toe wit Bis

None of yall can co-exist

We livin in an Ice Age and its cold as shit

100,000 dollar price range, niggas is frozen stiff

All I know is this

My felt tip hotter than hell get

186 thousand miles per sec can melt flesh

Give a nigga a tan

Aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand

While I promote that new Canibus jam

Niggas feel it underground wit stalactites hangin from the ceiling

I'm out on tour wit 30 city trips

Every state its like bitches be bulimic for dicks

Screamin the chorus

Half unconscious

I hold my cordless

Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest

While the people go insane for us

I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us

Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I ain't payin for it

I freestyle the whole set

Kickin a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next

Fuck you!

### [Chorus 1]

Phuk.. U.. [x2] Ok

Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok

### [Verse 2]

Fuck- them extra niggas that's always around you

Fuck- niggas that talk about you and try to clown you

Fuck- niggas you run into that never did nuttin' for you

Fuck- niggas thats lyin tellin people they discovered you

Ok, Fuck- niggas that're jealous cause you nicer than them

Don't give a -fuck- who you offend you gotta fight till the end

If you -fuck- a groupie chicken when you out on tour

Smoke a little bit of weed wit her then -fuck- her some more

Tell her to bring three friends so you can -fuck- all four

Menage-a-trois, what the -fuck- she expect you a dog  
Almighty god blessed you wit a dick and two balls  
So if you like to -fuck- pussy that don't mean that you wrong  
Unless you -fuck- it raw dog  
I -fuck- a nappy dug out  
Bust in her mouth  
Kick her the -fuck- out  
She'll cuss me out, like...

*[Repeat chorus 1]*

*[Verse 3]*

Yo, yo  
Ya superstar status don't mean shit to me  
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency  
Try to dis me now  
How you sound?  
Yo, whoever signed you must be runnin the circus cuz you a clown  
You a rapper wit a drug habit, hidin the truth  
Camoflaugin ya needle tracks wit some colorful tattoos  
You was never equipped for this  
Never equipped to spit wit Bis  
I'm swift as shit  
Let me point out the main differences  
You magnificent  
I'm mic-nificent  
Yo, I'd even go out on a limb wit it  
Say you write a little bit  
That don't make you a tight lyricist  
Cause you don't practice or stick with it  
Look at the 60 hour shifts I spend wit this  
I never quit, I got a gift for the art  
A low maintenance cost  
No physical movin parts  
In '98, niggas thought I was God  
How the fuck did that change  
I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game  
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see  
If you see a hungry nigga then you lookin at me  
And its aight if you don't trust me  
Cause I don't trust you  
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you  
Motherfucker, Fuck you

*[Chorus 2]*

Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4]  
Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok..

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Horsemen"

(feat. Pharoahe Monch)

*[Pharoahe Monch]*

Yo yo

The sheer fuckin assemblin of these fo' niggas rekindling war  
Seek the Horsemen, we walk the planet Earth on all four's  
Cause your empire to Fall like the season before winter  
Don't get beside yourself like clone twins in the placenta  
Assassinate the mayor through time-travel  
The assignment: to reduce all molecules and pass through solid confinement  
The only way you could flooowww *[slows down]* iiisss iiiiff  
I liquidize your rhyme  
Consequently blowin by me crystalizin your mind  
The government assigned sentinals for Horsemen elimination  
Claimin we were mutants of artificial insemination  
Lost my limbs to bomb shrapnel  
But through cell regeneration the blood accelerates at twice the speed  
Peep the vindication indeed  
Think tank full when you blink, think synchronicity  
Rob three banks at the same time through Multiplicity shine  
PLEASE!!! These four niggas combine alone  
Bringin a nation of MC's to their knees wit ease  
Seige a soldier and hold men for ransom  
Stop procreation, chop they cocks off so they can't come  
Block off a forty mile radius, bomb your fanbase  
Seeds to abnormally born and scorn wit a man's face  
Indeed watch the moon bleed, we lead by example  
Loop my life in time, stretch it in a nine like a sample

*[Canibus (Horsemen)]*

We rock quadropeds (Horsemen, enforce men)  
Chop off your fuckin head (We the Horsemen, enforce men)  
Leave you all dead then we eat your car-cus  
(The Horsemen) I'm a Horseman (enforce men)  
I'm a Horseman (The Horsemen)  
I'm a Horseman (The forcemen)  
WE THE HORSEMEN!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Horsementality"

(feat. Ras Kass, Killah Priest, Kurupt)

*[Ras Kass]*

The beginning of the end niggas!

*[Canibus]*

Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever, the alpha and the omega  
The Canibus'll make your eyes redder  
FUCK ya'll niggas talkin bout cheddar

*[Ras Kass]*

Brought to you by your millennium group The Horsemen

*[Canibus]*

Four swordsmen (From the land of the lost)  
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Can-i-bus  
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut  
MOTHAFUCKER!!!

*[Both]* Wavin the four-four!

*[Kurupt]*

I'm headless nigga, but I packs a big piece  
Blastin, they let assassins loose on the street  
Murderous notes I wrote, I lacerate throats  
I toss fire at niggas  
Mothafuck a six, the condos is supposed to be flip bricks  
All thirty-nine of your bitches, pretty-ass bitch nigga  
I'll throw some fucked up kicks on  
Next is a small tank top, the spot, shot it up  
Beat you in your face wit a rope knotted up  
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kurupt  
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horsementality  
A Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be  
See I'm tired of this Barkley shit  
Niggas talkin shit, I wanna see the streets dark again  
Let the heaters spark again  
Police callin all cars off then  
Powerful as a mothafuckin Vulcan  
My specialty is poetically lyrically energetically ultramagnetically  
Dogg Pound pedigree  
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch, only grimy shit  
Dirty shit, holocaust thirty-thirty shit  
Missile click, assassin Sicilian  
Kill women and kill men, and kidnap children  
For vengeance in the name of the Horsemen  
Slice your Achilles tendon, the Headless Horseman  
And we abide by the code of the streets

The makings of a real MC nigga  
(C...C...C...C) yeah bitch!

*[Canibus]*

So just abide by what you ride by  
Cuz we abide by what we ride by  
Just abide by what you ride by  
Cuz we abide by what we ride by

*[Killah Priest]*

Mothafucker, it's started, four apocalyptic prophets  
Appearin outta floatin objects  
Wearin mid-western garments  
Long trenchcoats wit our hands in our pockets  
Slappin all you scary-ass rap artists half retarded  
Swear by our fore fathers  
Anything you speak, think, or show will be disregarded  
Then I drag your frightened ass through the darkness  
Bring you out the other side as a carcass  
I'm heartless, regardless if you claim to be gods or goddess  
To me, ya'll all garbage  
I see all of ya'll as movin targets  
And my lyrics be the atomic rocket  
Cosmic vomit spittin, hittin at ya Vietnam vets  
Wit military arms and bombs strapped to our chest  
Castin meteor storms and comets  
Now who wanna make the next rise comet  
And be the first one left unconcious  
After I squeeze your head like the Charmin  
Fuck around and see a lightning bolt around your throat  
And squeeze till your head smoke from all the electric volts  
Satanically sacrifice your ass like in a colt  
Have your seance inside of a dark synogogue  
We was lyrically sent to ya'll  
Like deminogod to put a end to ya'll  
Spit bites like dogs and get the scent of ya'll  
Horsemen, we be scorchin when we be walkin  
Wit the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin

*[Ras Kass]*

Let's serve it out like the breeze  
Now watch me do one-armed handstands  
And hang these N-U-T's over seven continents and seven seas  
Streets is Lebonese  
Be rockin Bogari wrist watches and sniper marines  
Most of these MC's can't even rap  
Just modeling, go gold and get big-headed like they swallowin colleges  
I spit empty gravesites, rap stars fill em out  
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck  
Me? I'm ain't even in my prime  
When I write my dopest rhyme, western civilization declines  
Catch me hoppin off the A train in a New York state of mind  
But I rep westside, so I keep L.A. time

That's a three-hour difference  
So when my bitch is a six, she really a nine  
In seven days, she'd still be a dime  
Call me Blaze Skywalker hittin jugular veins  
Crack open your skull wit a paperate and suck out your brains  
Kiddo, I be doin my thug-thizzo for shizzo  
And the wife of a careless man is almost a widow  
So what's happening, from P.I. to '99 Madden  
Since police be jackin blacks, I talk to pigs in Pig Latin  
Uckfe uye ichbe echbe a igginebe and free Keith Murray  
*[Translation:]* Fuck you bitch ass niggas

*[Canibus]*

Yo yo yo yo

I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six megahertz  
Make lightning flash across the sky everytime I curse  
Six-hundred and sixty-six flashes  
Give out six-hundred and sixty-six lashes  
To the backs of six-hundred and sixty-six Master of Ceremony has-beens  
Put a crown of thorns on whoever the king of rap is  
If he's a (Catholic) I nail him to a crucifix  
Then I beat him till he's blackish-blueish  
Then perform acupuncture wit six-hundred and sixty-six toothpicks  
Beat em wit two whips wit pieces of broken glass glued to it  
Your whole crew gets bayed and neutered  
As i aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets  
Your armored cars and your kevlar vests is useless  
I'ma fuck all of you pussies like group sex  
You get six-hundred and sixty-six years imprisonment  
For bitin off another niggas' shit you bitch  
You got caught, now you on the other side of the law  
Snitchin on mad niggas in a soundproof court  
To get some of your sentence knocked off, na nigga you wildin  
Cuz you still be in Riker's Island gettin forced to toss salads  
You scared of that, wit a phobia fear of that  
I'ma tape it on a digital video DAT and send a copy to Miramax  
Leave you exposed, turn on the fiction and fact so everybody you know  
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin ass nigga  
That got fucked in the ass by a father figure  
(Battle who?) I'll bruise and bash you, blast you  
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo  
Delivering mind blowin rhymes and poems  
Controllin my tongue when I'm flowin like pilot controlled Boeings  
When I get bitten, I bite back  
Quicker than Tyson attacks, I don't give a FUCK if I don't get my license back  
So, take caution  
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then  
Gallop northward  
MC's take caution  
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then  
Gallop northward mothafuckers

Yeah, so just abide by what your ride by

Cuz we abide by what we ride by  
Just abide by what your ride by  
Cuz we abide by what we ride by, HA!

*[All]*

Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Priest, don't hit me no more"  
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Bis, don't hit me no more"  
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Ras, don't hit me no more"  
Wavin the four-four! Aiyyo Kurupt, hit them niggas wit the hardcore

*[Kurupt]*

Yeah nigga, I'm headless without thoughts  
Wit my mothafuckin arms crossed  
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse  
Took over the whole race course  
Throw the jockey off the saddle, now who the fuck really wanna battle?

*[Fading]*

Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missile  
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin 'round wit the Dogg  
I'm a hog



# Canibus Lyrics

## "100 Bars"

Yeah!!! That's the beat right there.  
I'm about to black out with 100 bars on some professional shit.  
So don't try this at home, yo.

Yo, yo, yo  
My style of rhymin is ancient like Aztecs and Mayans  
Because I recognize its all about timin  
Me and my freestyle alliance practicin African voodoo science  
In front of 20 ft. bonfires lookin skyward  
Calculating May 5, 2000 the nine planets'll be in alignment  
The arrival of the prophet in the cockpit  
Of a starship the size of the Hale-Bopp comet  
With mercury ion rockets  
And a big ass "Canibus comin soon" poster on the side of it  
I'm known geographically and intergalactically  
That's why I got extraterrestrials that wanna battle me  
They even tried kidnappin me  
And they would've snatched me  
If their craft didn't get trapped in the Earth's gravity  
Engines stalled and failed. Crashed into a farmer's field  
And that's really what caused Roswell  
Undercover operatives workin for COM 12  
Disguised as a nigga signed with a record deal  
Lyrically I'm off scale  
So all hail or get tossed towards Hell, whatever y'all feel  
Briusin niggas, confusin niggas like Chip Fu from the Fu-Schnickens  
Hit you with nuclear cruiser missiles  
Hear the wild wolf growl  
Styles stockpiled for miles from the ground to the clouds  
Wack niggas wanna be down but its not allowed  
Interrupt the cipher unannounced and you'll get punched in the mouth  
With the southpaw southern fist  
I'll bust your shit. Swell your lip and get the Bubba shrimp  
Back the tougher shit. What a wimp  
You giant Goliath. Niggas get shot with a rubber sling  
I'm an experiment gone bad.  
My brainwaves on an encephalograph show that I'm stark ravin mad  
Your whole scientific staff'll get killed in a nuclear blast  
When I throw the formula stashed in my hand  
Flammable liquids in the lab explode  
And you get stabbed with all the flyin glass  
Trained to blow up commercial aircrafts  
Trained in chemical weapons class  
Just to see how long a nigga's breath'll last  
I put him in a leather mask  
Spray his ass with a can of pepper gas  
Then watch him grab his neck and gag

Watch the nigga choke to death as I laugh  
"You wanna battle?" is the type of question you should never ask  
Nigga, pick a tougher task. See who the fuck'll last  
Whoever lose'll get a solderin iron up the ass  
You need to recognize  
My hand is quicker than the eye  
Quicker than the 5 speed Jamiroquai drives  
A lifespan longer than 9 lives. Infinite rhymes that can't die  
A nigga with a divine mind  
I dedicate this to the wise. Dedicate it to dames  
Dividin myself into 100 ten times  
You can't deny the offerin's an offer  
Flows that glow with aurora's the spark of light  
Water fly like a saucer  
With the torque of a Porsche  
Murder a million MCs then autograph all of their coffins  
Been gettin it on since I been born and I'm a live long  
And I'm a be gettin it on till I'm gone  
Look at all the stages I been on. All the songs that I spit on  
I took an oath to rip everything I get on  
A nigga like me should have Carpal Tunnel syndromes  
In the wristbones from grippin microphones this long  
I'm just a small fish in a big pond  
And gets pissed off whenever I gets picked on  
Nigga try to flip and get flipped on  
My army march a million strong  
Like the nation of Islam with suede timbs on  
Extremely hostile  
Fully armed troops dressed in frog suits and night vision goggles  
A lyrical lynch mob  
Shittin on niggas drawn to a hideous form with horns and a mink on  
Duckin down low like Vietnam fightin the Vietcong  
Screamin "incomin" when I see a bomb  
Speak to your leader. Surrender your arms  
You need about a million more soldiers to even the odds  
Plus 800,000 to even consider a war  
And 200,000 more to even look hard  
You better drop your flag and withdraw  
My cavalry charge accompanied by a blizzard of wicked metaphors  
And smash y'all. Attach y'all to the back of my horse  
And drag y'all across the motherfuckin asphalt  
9 out of 10 niggas is frauds  
You know who you are always talkin about your bitches and your cars  
Your jewelry and your girls. It's like we from two different worlds  
You motherfuckers really get on my nerves  
Cause I'm beyond them, on some futuristic cyborg shit  
I close my eyes when I freestyle so I could read what picture crossed in  
Then raise my arms like a sorcerer and cast a fireball into the audience  
To barbecue your brain organs  
You feel like you've been thrown in a microwave oven  
I flame broil suckers and hit 'em with some more shit  
The raw shit. Call my reinforcements, the four horsemen  
Take a big piece of chalk and draw a line across the stage pulpit

I dare a motherfucker to cross it  
I'll even call my man Black Rob at two in the mornin  
Tell him it's important. Tell him to call Sting 3 way and sing a chorus  
Break your camcorders so you motherfuckers can't record it  
Call the news, I'll kill your reporters  
Start a lawsuit, I'll kill your lawyers  
Fuck the soft shit and fuck what y'all think  
My album's gold cause my album was the bomb, shit  
Y'all niggas got your ass beat cause you asked for it  
Got your picture taken and put in a tabloid  
Cause you a man and you like to touch little boys  
You fuck 'em in the ass, then you give 'em cash for it  
That's some sick shit homeboy  
A hundred years ago, they'd have took you to see Sigmund Freud  
You fraudulent. Feminine. Fragile as a feather is  
With an effortless blow, I'll crack your whole skeleton  
You think you're better than Canibus, where's the evidence?  
You got below average intelligence and poor penmanship  
You need to shut the fuck up cause your breath stink  
Take fifty cents and purchase a pack of peppermints  
Battlin me you never win  
You thought you was the only nigga that could sneak a weapon in?  
Nigga guess again  
Cause after I'm finished wreckin this shit  
I'm a drink a whole bottle of Henney and go fuck a lesbian

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Chaos"

### *[Verse 1 (acapella)]*

Yo yo yo  
Now ain't nobody fuckin wit the mastermind  
I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified  
Nickel and Teslin, Jon Von Neuman  
All wrapped up in the body in one human  
I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest  
I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris  
When it comes to rappin, I'll smash your ass  
Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon  
I'll smack you wit a backhand  
That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin at your catscan  
In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman  
And stalk my own rap fans  
I'm like a madman fightin a war  
Throwin lightning rods, swingin lightning swords  
Blow you away wit a force that'll leave your body lost  
Gone, nothin to mourn, nothin to do a autopsy on  
I rock till I can't rock no more  
Till I can't get no mothafuckin props no more  
Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour  
Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more  
I'm a dragon wit the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin  
Claws rip through walls of cast iron  
I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin  
I clap iron like Duke Nukeum  
Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped  
Flatter than a compact disc wit black Timbs  
Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim  
Flatter than the knife Jigga stabbed Un wit

### *[Chorus]*

If you the first nigga that laugh  
I'll blow you in half  
The first nigga to talk trash  
I'ma blow you in half  
The first nigga to show your ass  
I'll blow you in half  
The first time'll be your last  
Cuz I'ma blow you in half

### *[Verse 2]*

Yo check it beat comes in  
I destroy your whole city block when I'm ready to rock  
Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not  
Magnetically energy poppin gates of radio waves  
Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape

Manipulatin space in large proportions  
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin  
About shit like supernatural forces  
Gnomes and theories and superstring theories  
Most of you mothafuckers barely  
Even understand the English language, much less think clearly  
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell  
Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt  
I researched my roots, lookin for proof  
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths  
The aftermath of a nuclear blast  
When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph  
I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass  
Reach your epitab and bury your ass  
As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly  
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on karaoke

*[Chorus x2]*